## Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn Root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhœa (suppressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anæmic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.


### Harsh Language.

A chapple in Kalamazoo
Attempted a damsel to woo,
"Pretty maiden," he said,
"Let us go and be wed,"
And she blushingly murmured "Skiddoo.'
—Chicago Tribune.


**Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease**

A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.


### Not in Their Set.

From the New York Weekly.

He—"I do not see why such a dear little duck as you are should not be welcome in society."

She—"Oh, the society of our city is run by a lot of old hens, and little ducks don't belong to their set."


For more reasons than one, Garfield Tea is the best choice when a laxative is needed; it is Pure, Pleasant to take, Mild and Potent. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Law.


### Atchison Globe Sights.

From the Atchison Globe.

Unless there is an unusual event on the following day, a boy is never ready to go to bed or get up.

Even the worst crit of baseball must give it some credit for crowding out bowling and basketball.

Thinking you are a very bright man is one thing, but being one is an entirely different proposition.

This is tact: If you are hostess, put the lovers together at the table, and separate those who are married.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who said. "Hear that child bark!" when the child had a cold.

You can get a fair amount of work out of the average boy if you will keep him home from school to do it.

When a boy wants a favor from his parents, he asks his father's permission, and tells his mother he is going to do it.

The average friendship is wrecked upon the fact that the average person's idea of a friend is some one he can impose upon.

We have all been guilty of this foolish trick: Being cold all night rather than get up and put another quilt on the bed.

"I have never admired George Washington as much as I have Bat Masterson. There are a dozen ways in which he could have gotten out of that cherry tree story. —Parson Twine.

The Lancaster Literary society will be asked at its next session to decide which is the greater joke: The bloodhound called out to run down criminals, or the peace conference that meets at The Hague.

Another discrimination we object to, is that all the scarecrows put up in garden and field are built on the masculine plan. Yet a man is not a greater scarecrow than a woman. We wonder that in the effort to frighten crows and blackbirds into spasms, no farmer or gardener has ever hit upon the plan of dressing the scarecrow to look as a woman appears when the milkman and ice man see her in the mornings.


FRIENDS HELP.

**St. Paul Park Incident.**

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.


# The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### I BEARD THE LION.

Martigny was lying back in his berth, smoking a cigaret, and, as I entered, he motioned me to a seat on the locker against the wall.

"It was most kind of you to come," he said with his old smile.

"It was only by accident I learned you were on board," I explained, as I sat down. "You're getting better?"

"I believe so; though this physician is—what you call—an alarmist—most of them are, indeed; the more desperate the illness, the more renowned the cure! Is it not so? He has even forbidden me cigarets, but I prefer to die than to do without them. Will you not have one?" and he motioned to the pile that lay beside him.

"Thank you," I said, selected one and lighted it. "Your cigarets are not to be resisted. But if you are so ill, why did you attempt the voyage? Was it not imprudent?"

"A sudden call of business," he explained airily; "unexpected but—what you call—imperative. Besides this bed is the same as any other. You see, I have a week of rest."

"The doctor—it was he who mentioned your name to me—it was not on the sailing list——"

"No." He was looking at me sharply. "I came on board at the last moment—the need was ver' sudden, as I have said. I had not time to engage a stateroom."

"That explains it. Well, the doctor told me that you were bedfast."

"Yes—since the voyage began I have not left it. I shall not arise until we reach Havre tomorrow."

I watched him as he went through the familiar motion of lighting a second cigaret from the first one. In the half-light of the cabin I had not at first perceived how ill he looked; now, I saw the dark patches under the eyes, the livid and flabby face, the shaking hand. And for the first time, with a little shock, I realized how near he had been to death.

"But you, Mistair Lester," he was saying, "how does it occur that you also are going to France? I did not know you contemplated——"

"No," I answered calmly, for I had seen that the question was inevitable and I even welcomed it, since it gave me opportunity to get my guns to going. "No; the last time I saw you, I didn't contemplate it, but a good deal has happened since then. Would you care to hear? Are you strong enough to talk?"

Oh, how I relished tantalizing him!

"I should like very exceedingly to hear," he assured me, and shifted his position a little so that his face was in the shadow. "The beams of light through the shutter makes my eyes to hurt," he added.

So he mistrusted himself; so he was not finding the part an easy one, either! The thought gave me new courage, new audacity.

"You may remember," I began, "that I told you once that if I ever went to work on the Holladay case, I'd try first to locate the murderess. I succeeded in doing it the very first day."

"Ah!" he breathed. "And after the police had failed! That was, indeed, remarkable. How did you accomplish it?"

"By the merest chance—by great good fortune. I was making a search of the French quarter, house by house, when, on Houston street, I came to a restaurant, the Cafe Jourdain. A bottle of supereur set Jourdain's tongue to wagging; I pretended I wanted a room; he dropped a word, the merest hint; and, in the end, I got the whole story. It seems there was not only one woman, there were two."

"Yes?"

"Yes—and a man whose name was Betuny or Bethune, or something like that. But I didn't pay much attention to him—he doesn't figure in the case. He didn't even go away with the women. The very day I set out on my search, he was picked up on the streets somewhere suffering with apoplexy and taken to a hospital, so nearly dead that it was a question whether he would recover. So he's out of it. The Jourdains told me that the women had sailed for France."

"You will pardon me," said my hearer, "but in what way did you make sure that they were the women you desired?"

"By the younger one's resemblance to Miss Holladay," I answered, lying with a glibness which surprised myself. "The Jourdains maintained that a photograph of Miss Holladay was really one of their lodger."

I heard him draw a deep breath, but he kept his face under admirable control.

"Ah, yes," he said. "That was exceedingly clever. I should never have thought of that. That is worthy of Monsieur Lecoq. And so you follow them to France—but, surely, you have some more—what you call—definite address than that, Mistair Lester!"

I could feel his eyes burning out from the shadows; I was thankful for the cigaret—it helped me to preserve an indifferent countenance.

"No," I said. "It seems rather a wild goose chase, doesn't it? But you could advise me, Mr. Martigny. Where would it be best for me to search for them?"

He did not answer for a moment, and I took advantage of the opportunity to select a second cigaret and light it. I dared not remain unoccupied; I dared not meet his eyes; I trembled to see that my hand was not wholly steady.

"That," he began slowly, at last," seems to me a most—ah!—deeficult affair, Mistair Lester. To search for three people through all France—there seems little hope of success. Yet I should think it most likely that they have gone to Paris."

I nodded. "That was my own theory," I agreed. "But to find them in Paris seems almost impossible."

"Not if one uses the police," he said. "It could, most probably, be soon achieved, if you requested the police to assist you."

"But, my dear sir," I protested. "I can't use the police. Miss Holladay, at least has committed no crime; she has simply chosen to go away without informing us."

"You will permit me to say, then, Mistair Lester," he observed, with just a touch of irony, "that I fail to comprehend your anxiety concerning her."

I felt that I had made a mis-step; that I had need to go carefully.

"It is not quite so simple as that," I explained. "The last time we saw Miss Holladay, she told us that she was ill, and intended to go to her country home for a rest. Instead of going there she sailed for France, without informing anyone—indeed, doing everything she could to escape detection. That conduct seems so eccentric that we feel in duty bound to investigate it. Besides, two days before she left she received from us a hundred thousand dollars in cash."

I saw him move uneasily on his bed; after all, this advantage of mine was no small one. No wonder he grew restless under this revelation of secrets which were not secrets!

"Ah!" he said softly; and again, "Ah! yes, that seems peculiar. Yet, perhaps, if you had waited for a letter—"

"Suppose we had waited and there had been no letter—suppose, in consequence of waiting, we should be too late?"

"Too late? Too late for what, Mistair Lester? What is it you fear for her?"

"I don't know," I answered; "but something—something. At least, we could not assume the responsibility of delay."

"No," he agreed; "perhaps not. You are doubtless quite right to investigate. I wish you success—I wish that I might myself aid you, there is so much of interest in the case to me; but I fear that to be impossible. I must rest—I who have so many affairs calling me, so little desire to rest! Is not the fate ironical?"

And he breathed a sigh, which was doubtless genuine enough.

"Will you go to Paris?" I asked.

"Oh, no; not at once. At Havre I shall meet my agent and transact my affairs with him. Then I shall seek some place of quiet along the coast."

"Yes," I said to myself, with leaping heart, "Etretat!" But I dared not speak the word.

"I shall write to you," he added, "when I have settled. Where do you stay at Paris?"

"We haven't decided yet," I said.

"We," he repeated.

"Didn't I tell you? Mr. Royce, our junior partner, is with me—he's had a breakdown in health, too, and needed a rest."

"It is no matter where you stay," he said; "I shall write to you at the poste restante. I should like both you and your friend to be my guest before you return to Amer-ric'."

There was a courtesy, a cordiality in his tone which almost disarmed me. such a finished scoundrel! It seemed a shame that I couldn't be friends with him, for I enjoyed him so thoroughly.

"We shall be glad to accept," I answered, knowing in my heart that the invitation would never be made. "You're very kind."

He waved his hand deprecatingly, then let it fall upon the bed with a gesture of weariness. I recognized the sign of dismissal. I was ready to go; I had accomplished all that I could hope to accomplish; If I had not already disarmed his suspicions, I could never do so.

"I am tiring you," I said, starting up. "How thoughtless of me."

"No," he protested; "no;" but his voice was almost inaudible.

"I will go," I said. "You must pardon me. I hope you will soon be better," and I closed the door behind me with his murmered thanks in my ears.

It was not until after dinner that I found opportunity to relate to Miss Kemball the details of my talk with Martigny. She listened quietly until I had finished; then she looked at me smilingly.

"Why did you change your mind?" she asked.

"The adventure tempted me—those are your own words. I thought perhaps I might be able to throw Martigny off the track."

"And do you think you succeeded?"

"I don't know," I answered doubtfully. "He may have seen clear through me."

"Oh, I don't believe him superhuman! I believe you succeeded."

"We shall know tomorrow," I suggested.

"Yes—and you must keep up the deception until the last moment. Remember, he will be watching you. He mustn't see you take the train for Etretat."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"And don't make mountains out of mole hills. You see, you have been distrusting yourself needlessly. One musn't be too timid."

"Do you think I am too timid?" I demanded, eager instantly to prove the contrary.

But she saw the light in my eyes, I suppose, for she drew away, almost imperceptibly.

"Only in some things," she retorted, and silenced me.

The evening passed and the last day came. We sighted land soon after breakfast—the high white cliffs of Cape La Hague—vague at first, but slowly lifting as we plowed on into the bay with the crowded roofs of Havre far ahead.

I was standing at the rail beside Miss Kemball, filled with the thoughts of our imminent good-by, when she turned to me suddenly.

"Don't forget Martigny," she cautioned. "Wouldn't you better see him again?"

"I thought I'd wait until we landed," I said, "then I can help him off the boat and see him well away from the station. He's too ill to be very lively on his feet. We shouldn't have any trouble dodging him."

"Yes; and be careful. He musn't suspect Etretat. But look at that clump of houses, yonder—aren't they picturesque?"

They were picturesque, with their high red roofs and yellow gables and striped awnings; yet, I didn't care to look at them. I was glad to perceive what a complicated business it was, getting our boat to the quay, for I was jealous of every minute; but it was finally accomplished in the explosive French manner, and after a further short delay, the gang plank was run out.

"And now," said my companion, holding out her hand, "we must say good-by."

"Indeed, not," I protested. "See, there go your mother and Royce. They're evidently expecting us to follow. We'll have to help you with your baggage."

"Our baggage goes through to Paris—we make our declarations there."

"At least, I must take you to the train."

"You are risking everything!" she cried. We can say good-bye here as well as on the platform."

"I don't think so," I said.

"I have already said good-bye to all my other friends!"

"But I refuse to be treated just like all the others," and I started with her down the gangplank.

She looked at me from the corner of her eyes, her lips trembling between indignation and amusement.

"Do you know," she said deliberately, "I am beginning to fear you are obstinate, and I abhor obstinate people."

"I'm not at all obstinate," I objected. "I'm simply contending for my rights."

"Your rights?"

"My right to be with you as long as I can, for one."

"Are there others?"

"Many others. Shall I enumerate them?"

"No," she said, "we haven't time. Here is mother."

They were to take the company's special train to Paris, which was waiting on the wharf, 200 feet away, and we slowly pushed our way toward it. In the clamor and hurry and confusion wholly Latin, there was no chance for intelligent converse. The place was swarming with people, each of them, as it seemed to me, on the verge of hysteria. Someone, somewhere, was shouting "En voiture!" in a stentorian voice. Suddenly, we found our way blocked by a uniformed official, who demanded to see our tickets.

"You can't come any farther, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Kemball, turning to us. "We'll have to say good-bye," and she held out her hand. "But we'll soon see you both again in Paris. You have the address?"

"Oh, yes!" I assured her; I felt that there was no danger of my ever forgetting it.

"Very well, then; we shall look for you," and she shook hands with both of us.

For an instant, I felt another little hand in mine, a pair of blue eyes smiled up at me in a way——

"Good-bye, Mr. Lester," said a voice. "I shall be all impatience till we meet again."

"So shall I," and I brightened. "That was nice of you, Miss Kemball."

"Oh, I shall be anxious to hear how you succeeded," she retorted. "You will bring Miss Holladay to us?"

"If we find her, yes."

"Then, again, good-bye."

She waved her hand, smiling, and was lost in the crowd.

"Come on, Lester," said Mr. Royce's voice. "There's no use standing staring here. We've got our own journey to look after," and he started back along the platform.

Then, suddenly, I remembered Martigny.

"I'll be back in a minute," I called, and ran up the gangplank. "Has M. Martigny left the ship yet?" I inquired of the first steward I met.

"Martigny?" he repeated. "Martigny? Let me see."

"The sick gentleman in 375," I prompted.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I do not know, monsieur."

"Well, no matter. I'll find out myself."

I mounted to the upper deck and knocked at the door of 375. There was no response. After a moment I tried the door, but it was locked. The window, however, was partly open, and, shading my eyes with my hands, I peered inside. The stateroom was empty.

A kind of panic seized me as I turned away. Had he, indeed, seen through my artifice? In attempting to blind him, had I merely uncovered my own plan? Or—and my cheeks burned at the thought!—was he so well intrenched that he had no fear of me? Were his plans so well laid that it mattered not to him whither I went or what I did? After all, I had no assurance of success at Etretat—no proof that the fugitives had gone there—no reasonable grounds to believe that we should find them. Perhaps, indeed, Paris would be a better place to look for them; perhaps Martigny's advice had really been well meant.

I passed a moment of heartrending uncertainty; I saw quite clearly what a little, little chance of success we had. But I shook the feeling off, sought the lower deck, and inquired again for Martigny. At last, the ship's doctor told me that he had seen the sick man safely to a carriage, and had heard him order the driver to proceed to the Hotel Continental.

"And, frankly, Mr. Lester," added the doctor, "I am glad to be so well rid of him. It is most fortunate that he did not die on the voyage. In my opinion, he is very near the end."

I turned away with a lighter heart. From a dying man there could not be much to fear. So I hunted up Mr. Royce, and found him, finally, endeavoring to extract some information from a supercilious official in a gold-laced uniform.

It was, it seemed, a somewhat complicated proceeding to get to Etretat. In half an hour a train would leave for Beuzeville, where we must transfer to another line to Les Ifs; there a second transfer would be necessary before we could reach our destination. How long would it take? Our informant shrugged his shoulders with fine nonchalance. It was impossible to say. There had been a heavy storm two days before, which had blown down wires and damaged the little spur of track between Les Ifs and the sea. Trains were doubtless running over the branch, but we could not, probably, reach Etretat before morning.

Amid this jumble of uncertainties, one definite fact remained—a train was to leave in half an hour, which we must take. So we hurried back to the boat, made our declaration had our boxes examined perfunctorily, and passed, bought our tickets, saw our baggage transferred, tipped a dozen people, more or less, and finally were shut into a compartment two minutes before the hour.

Continued Next Week.

### Rules One Should Follow Nowadays

From Harper's Weekly.

After repeated shocks which have been dealt to the nerves of the public at large, the following few simple hygienic memoranda have been carefully prepared for the public and domestic guidance.

ON RISING IN THE MORNING.

Rule first. Don't wash or take a bath unless you are sure the water has been properly distilled; treated with barium chloride and permanganate of potassium, and redistilled over K. H. S. 04. to fix any ammonia. If the housekeeper does not possess this elementary chemical knowledge, decline to wash at all, and take an air bath.

Second. Use a new tooth brush, or else have a fresh set of false teeth each day—whichever you think less dangerous.

Third. Do your hair with your fingers; brushes and combs are deadly bacillus traps.

Fourth. Keep your soap, sponge, and shaving material under an air-pump, to choke off the microbes.

Fifth. If impossible to follow above rules stay in bed.

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Rule first. Don't read the morning paper or open letters until they have been baked, saturated with a disinfectant, and put through the mangle. The postal officials are most careless with mail.

Second. All bills should be promptly sent into unlimited quarantine.

Third. Refrain from eating any bacon, fish, kidneys, etc., over which an inquest has not been held, or eggs that have not been sat upon by a coroner's jury.

Fourth. Keep your mouth closed throughout the meal.

ON GOING TO BUSINESS.

Rule first. Refuse all change that may be offered you by street car conductors, etc. If you do not care to lose such sums, insist on having newly minted coins handed you, wrapped up in sterilized cotton.

Second. If you are compelled to go to a refreshment stand, take your own filter, glassware, and crockery with you, also assorted repartees to any comments made by the barkeeper.

Third. Stay, if possible, at home.

# MOUNTAIN PALACE OF E. H. HARRIMAN COSTS $2,000,000

## Magnate May Get Away From Fault-Finders as Effectually as Did Van Winkle.

## CAN SEE LONG DISTANCE

### Cable Running in Channel Hewn in Rock, Carries the Workmen and the Material for the Structure.

New York, Special: A long time ago Rip Van Winkle found rest and quiet on the summit of the Catskill mountains. He wanted to get away from fault finders. Perhaps E. H. Harriman will think of this when he peers through the window of his $2,000,000 palace on the highest ridge of the Ramapo mountains.

"Harriman's palace," that's what they call it; and merely to quote the technical details of the building overawes one.

New York granite, partly dressed gneiss, with Indiana limestone trimmings and steel. This is the material that gives Harriman's palace the grandeur of solidity.

Rugged simplicity is its keynote. It is in the Norman or Romanesque style of architecture, entirely lacking in pillars, marble ornamentation or any suggestion of classic architecture. The chief beauty of it will be the majesty of massiveness.

**Swimming Pool.**

From the main building terraced wings will extend to three points of the compass. In each of these wings there will be an entrance with an approach to each up the side of the mountain. Near the principal entrance may be seen the foundation walls of a swimming pool. Here also is the main or garden terrace, 116 feet square, with a lily pool and fountain beyond. Nearby, on the slope of the hill, is the conservatory. The north front of the building will be 325 feet long and will contain the main dining hall. The view is toward Middletown and the distant Catskill mountains. The east front faces the Hudson river and in the wing is the library. This is approached through an arched entrance inside of which are three loggias at the first story, with other arched entrances to the second floor of the library.

Towering over the adjacent country, standing coldly aloof, observing and observed, like its financier owner, grim and gray, it may look down upon the little world of men that work and play and love and die in the busy marts below.

**Lookout Tower.**

"Lookout Tower" surmounts the whole, and when in the long summer nights, Mr. Herriman sits alone, planning perhaps a coup that will startle the world, his eyes will rove over a stretch of picturesque territory. One after another, mile after mile, in every direction, the mountain tops reveal themselves. Orange, Ulster, Dutchess and Rockland counties may be seen glinting gold in the moonlight.

Some men leave monuments for their dead selves; this is a monument for a living man, a man of iron in the twilight hour of rest.

Day after day an army of men are hewing this palace into form. Day after day for a year, masons, carpenters and plasterers, artist and artisian working side by side, have labored. Day after day for at least three more years they will hammer and paint and chisel and carve before the king is satisfied.

Two millions of money will make the mountains come to Harriman. Two million dollars is not a great price for a money king to pay for solitude.

A cable running in a channel hewn in the rocky side of the mountain conveys workman and material to the task each day. Do you realize the magnitude of this task? A two million dollar palace on the peak of the highest mountain of the Ramapo range. Every stone, every nail must be hoisted to this topmost peak by a cable railroad.

This railroad was especially constructed for the task. Who but Harriman would dream of building a railroad up the side of a mountain, employing an army of men to blast the way and lay the cable merely as a means to a beginning?

Most magnates are content with a private car. Harriman has a private railroad.

Every stone, every nail is hoisted 2,300 feet before it can be used.

Think of those blizzard days when those of us who could hovered close to the fire; think of those men working on the summit of a mountain, the snow piled man high, and the wind cutting like a whip of steel!

Summer and winter this mountain tramway creaks and groans it tugs its burden to the men awaiting it. Slowly and surely this panting giant creeps up the rock-jagged side of the mountain, and all for Harriman's mansion in the clouds.

**Phone to Wall Street.**

In the hot summer evenings when the foul air of the city smothers the streets, Harriman will hie himself to his home in the mountains, breathe in the exhilarating ozone of the night—and two millions will be deemed a small matter for the comfort. At his hand will be a telephone; through it he may hear the rush and rumble of Wall street. He may be of the world and yet not in it.

The foundation is hewn from the living rock at the summit of Tower hill, up which runs the cable road 2,300 feet long.

There are many considerations which influenced Mr. Harriman's choice of a home site. The air is always pure and possesses at this altitude curative properties for almost all ailments. The water, which is obtained only after two years' boring in the heart of the mountain, is unexcelled. The situation, notwithstanding its wild picturesqueness, is almost at the doorway of New York City, being only forty miles away.

### How to Make Money.

A certain muezzin in the mosque had so harsh a voice that his call to prayer only kept the worshipers away from service. The prince, who was the patron of the mosque, being tender-hearted and not wishing to offend the man, gave him 10 dinars to go somewhere else, and the gift was gladly accepted. Some time after the fellow returned to the prince and complained that an injustice had been done him by the smallness of the donation, "for," said he, "at the place where I now am they offered me 20 dinars to go somewhere else, and I'll not accept it." "Oh," laughed the prince, "don't accept it, for if you stay long they will be glad to offer you 50."

### Splendid Isolation.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

A number of military men in a Washington hotel were giving an account of an incident of the civil war. A quiet man who stood by at last said:

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated."

The hotel keeper said to him:

"Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private."

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

One by one the old traditions and adages are punctured. Now they say the busy bee only works about four hours a day.

### The Earth Eaters of India.

From the London Express.

Efforts are being made to stamp out the habit of earth eating, which is prevalent among natives over almost all India, writes the Calcutta correspondent of the Express. In northern India the favorite form of earth is a gray or drab colored shale. This is excavated mostly at Meth, in Bikanir, and is exported to the Punjab at the rate of 2,000 camel loads a year. In different districts different varieties of clay are eaten, but if the natives have at one time a taste for a special kind of mud, as the habit increases the depraved appetite soon becomes satisfied with bricks and broken pots. White ant soil with the nests and ants themselves is a great delicacy. The reasons given for indulging in the habit are classified under the following heads: (1) A peculiar fascinating odor and taste in the clay, rendering it a delicacy. (2) An unnatural craving due to disease. (3) To satisfy hunger. (4) Force of example. (5) Supposed medicinal virtues.

A university graduate confessed to a friend that the bland earthy odor was a great temptation to him, and the thought of it made his mouth water. He always enjoyed the odor, he said, when April showers fell upon previously parched earth. The effects of the habit are disastrous. Those women addicted to it very soon complain first of pain and weakness in the limbs, palpitation and difficulty of walking a little distance up hill. After some time all the other symptoms of anemia are fully established—sallow and pale complexion, tongue and gums bloodless and general debility. Very often dropsy supervenes. A planter in Assam almost completely suppressed the habit on his estate by making the offenders stand out with a piece of mud in each hand exposed to the ridicule of the rest of the coolies.

A man doesn't mind getting the worst of it as much as he dislikes seeing the other fellow get the best of it.

Some men are like some dogs; their bark is about all there is to them.


## MORE BOXES OF GOLD

### And Many Greenbacks.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum?

2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.

3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?

5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.